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1919

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A delightful host and delightful place."—The Editor

"If it's an AD in BB it's O.K."

BROADWAY BREVITIES

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Stephen G. Clow, president and treasurer

A. H. Campbell, vice-president

John M. Beck, secretary

Benjamin L. Robinson, staff artist

Knickerbocker Theatre Building (1400 Broadway), New York.

'Phone, Greeley 5120

STEPHEN G. CLOW, Editor

Lily Malvin, Advtg. Mgr.



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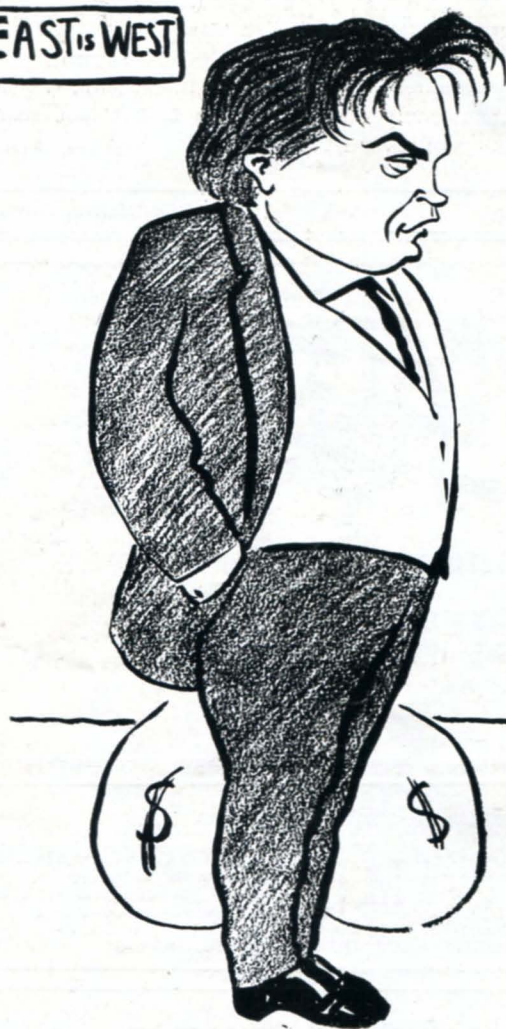
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C. FORNARO.

SAMUEL
SHIPMAN

*Man of letters, raconteur, playwright
and genius of stagecraft as seen by
the brilliant pen of artist Fornaro.*



Editorial Briefs

Get 'em young, beat 'em up, and make 'em like it!

* * *

Where there's a peach there's a worm.

* * *

A chicken in the hand is worth two in the Bush—Terminal.

* * *

If you can get away with the Staten Island ferry trip with a chorus girl you've got Generals Haig and Foch resembling Mexican paper currency.

* * *

In calling on your girl at the Bartholdi Inn, carry Bono.

* * *

The difference between Old Mother Childs' and the Ritz is the way the waiter lays the butter down.

* * *

A flower-girl in a Broadway restaurant had to sell her Rolls-Royce Tuesday.

* * *

Chief among the inventions contrived by God for the punishment of his hapless creatures are Sundays and holidays.

* * *

There's a high cost of loving, all right. A girl on 46th street collected 10c war tax from a fellow the other night.

* * *

Funny to walk behind the dames wearing \$200.00 gowns and busted stockings.

* * *

Corse Payton is a guy you've got to be introduced to twice. Once when he is drunk and once when he is sober. Latter opportunity occurs once annually.

* * *

No strike among the stage-mummas! Hitchy-Koo is said to be heading Manhattanward with 17 mothers in the troupe.

* * *

Friend was discussing the frequency with which you run across "Peters" restaurants in the city. One of the listeners broke in: "Gee, what a lot of Peters there are hanging 'round New York."

Pretty colored girl running the lift in the old Shubert Building says: "It's only de actors am striking; de *artists* nebber strike."

* * *

Rumored that a bottle of smelling-salts will be furnished with each drink check at Catles-by-the-Sea next Summer. Joe Pani is untiring for the comfort of his guests.

* * *

Dr. Francesco Sauchelli, who practices successfully the new science of chiropractic, finds time now and then for recreation, and so last week he attended a stag party somewhere in the far reaches of Connecticut. It was a "farewell" to some poor, hapless wight about to tie himself up in the bonds of matrimony. To his undying perpetuation, the good Doctor, when called upon for "a few remarks" did exactly what the Editor would have done on such a felicitous opportunity and spoke out loud and clear for bachelorhood. Just as does the Editor, Francesco regards marriage as the death of life, the end of all things, the final catastrophe. So his sturdy voice was lifted for all single men, that they remain "sane and single", with no wifie trailing their footsteps like a Pinkerton operative, no "How many lumps, dear?" morning in and morning out, no "home six o'clock", no curtain lectures at three a. m., no this that and the other horror marking connubiality since the dawn of time. Wondrous Francesco! Wondrous the words from thy tongue! Though it filled with horror the good Connecticut stags, it was yet a torch blazed aloft for freedom, for the emancipation of man, for quiet nights and un-obfuscated days!

* * *

Mr. Hearst is following his usual habit of "leading" all the other papers. The campaign he is conducting in the *American* for New York, "the wonder city" is attracting world wide attention. It is about time that New Yorkers stood up and said a few words not only in defense but in glorification of the marvelous wonder-city they live in, where existence in all its phases is probably more pleasant than anywhere else in the whole world. It is a happy coincidence that Mr. Hearst has taken up the slogan for his city, because his own newspapers in their tremendous circulation and their immeasurable influence are not the least of the wonders of Greater New York.

* * *

What a pity that such an amiable columnist as Don Marquis of the *Sun* can not distinguish between humor and vulgarity. For if he could he certainly would never go on day after day with his disgusting "archy" stuff. Cockroaches are all right in the kitchen sink or the Princeton Hotel, but not in a newspaper. To carry this nauseating nonsense to the extent the good Don has might suggest to some unkind person the comment that the writer must be several sheets "in the wind". To twist any kind of humor out of the filthiest of all insects is a job denied to either gods or men. And while on the subject of "columnists", how about that "last line" boredom of the ice-cream-soda F. P. A? Does he wish to drive all the readers of the *Tribune* insane with it? His column, long since sunk to the lowest levels of suburban wit, would be endurable at any rate if he left his infernal "last line" off it.

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING

Beckoned by Eros
 (Whose last name was Smith)
 This beauteous creature
 Of passion, fashion and the Avenue
 Had made the "date"
 With—Smith.
 Closely veiled she grabbed
 A Black & White
 Trembling with desire
 She bumped toward the meeting-place
 When suddenly
 (Just as in the movies)
 She remembered
 Did this little gal
 She had a hole
 In the toe of one stocking.
 Good God! that her lover
 Referred to as Smith
 Should witness
 This plebeian and discordant rent.
 And then think of Eros!
 Back home she bumped.

—Peeping Tom.

"HOPING THESE TWO LIONS WILL FIND YOU WELL"

Seeing Jake Shubert and Toxen
 Worm strolling congenially through the
 Astor lobby the other day, someone
 paraphrased the Scripture saying and
 remarked: "The lions are again lion
 down together."

* * *

PROPOSED NEWS HEADINGS

(No Copyright)

CASTLES CRACKS
 CLARIDGE CHIRRUPS
 WOLPIN'S WAILINGS
 FROLIC FANTASIES
 CENTURY ROOF RAMBLES
 NASSAU NOODLES
 BEANERY BUMPS
 KNICKERBOCKER KNOCKS
 DRUGSTORE DRIVELS
 REISENWEBER RAZZLES
 BARBETTA BOOZES
 LUSSIER LIZZIES
 TOKIO TICKLERS
 ROGERS RATTLES
 MAXIM MOOCHES

SAYINGS FROM LONG BEACH

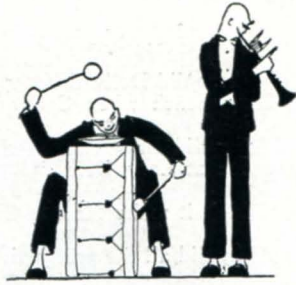
"They say Hickson makes his clothes."
 "Beans make me feel the same way."
 "She's a poor nut."
 "No, I certainly can NOT afford dollar highballs."
 "He's as brown as a nigger."
 "She's the dirtiest little scrapper on the beach."
 "Yes, that's Joe Pani's new one."
 "You bet, Billy Kurth's the favorite of Long Beach."
 "Yes, that's the one got hit with the beer bottle."
 "Yes, they pay \$15.00 for a room at the Nassau and sneak delicatessen up."
 "The Lafayette's called the House of Fallen Men."
 "The Beaux Art!—oh, that's run by a couple of waiters."
 "Listen—they say about four the other morning she went down the hall and—"
 "That's Walter Kingsley, and they don't make 'em any nicer."
 "Sure, Aimee's going to get the can tied to her."



NINA
WHITMORE

Who, after having captivated all hearts by her beauty on the Century Roof, is now leaving for California with a Goldwyn contract calling for stellar screen roles.

TRAILING THE BROADWAY GANG AT LONG BEACH



"SCANDALS OF 1919" BY THE SAD SEA SURF

Broadway gets a bathing suit or a pink parasol and moves down to Long Beach on the hot days of Summer. Oh, yes, Sundays especially. The Sundays are still in style, but the hot days are not, and the long reaches of yellow sand fronting the Nassau and Castles-by-the-Sea are gradually reverting again to the police force of Long Beach, consisting of three faultlessly groomed cops, whose razor-creased trousers and talcumed shaves are open to admiring view during the long Summer months. As you can very well imagine, wherever Broadway is, there's a lot going on, and a little bird from BREVITIES office has been flitting about the sands all Summer unobserved, storing up in its little bill many crumbs of gossip for your entertainment. Little birdie chirps that its one impression of the Summer was Billy Kurth. He was here, there, everywhere—but invariably with some pretty girl looking like a mermaid Billy had stolen from the ocean. Birdie says that when Billy failed to show up on Sundays, a funeral gloom settled on the sands, blondes and brunettes weeping copiously into each others kerchiefs. We're going to speak to Billy about this, and ask him to have a heart. . . . At any rate, me lads, 'twas a brave, bright season, with almost as much liquid on shore as at sea. If you didn't care to swim in salt water you could swim in red liquor—at one iron man a smash "up." The average millionaire was perfectly safe for of least a couple of days. The Castles people did not believe in taking EVERYTHING you had. They'd leave you your clothes, if you were nice about it. But wait, Birdie wants to talk.

* * *

Why was Gay Shiffer, that dapper young broker, always chasing rainbows at the beach?

? ? ?

Wasn't it cute to see Rosie Quinn dining with her sweetie at Castle's?

? ? ?

Did Bly Brown swallow some dynamite with her liquor the Sunday afternoon she gave a trapeze performance on the sands in view of enthusiastic thousands?

? ? ?

Who is the elderly party, looking like Caruso's cousin, who chaperoned Herb Frank everywhere?

? ? ?

Did Herb lose his girl in that house of fallen men, the Lafayette, and then find another right in the same place? Which one was it jumped out the window?

? ? ?

What did the Swedish maid at Castle's mean when she said, on hearing of a bad \$350.00 champagne souse, "Why, honey, that's de way I gets when I eat beans!"

Why did everybody call Marion Sunshine "cutie?"

? ? ?

Where did Dolly Dempsey get the 95c. blue, trick bathing suit, and why take it to Long Beach when Coney would fit it so well?

? ? ?

Why did Billy Kurth, when asked if he could keep a secret replied; "Yes, I have one at Long Beach."

? ? ?

Didn't it make Horace Chartres mad when he saw Marcia so much admired?

? ? ?

Why did all the pretty girls gaze so longingly at Wilfred Lucas, the m. p. star?

? ? ?

Why did "Chick" of the Lafayette mooch out of the submarine and forget to settle his check—and why did he later take Bly Brown, Sue Miller, Marcia White, Helen Hudson and Vi Quinn for a motor trip? Eccentricities of wealth, eh, "Chick?"

? ? ?

And say, "Chick," how about the night you "stopped" the orchestra in the Lafayette, chasing poor "Buddy" the world-famous drummer and the pianist out of the place? Also driving out Minerva and Bobby Coverdale, worse luck!

? ? ?

Why do some of our very best families move to the Nassau for the summer where a plain little room costs ten a day, and then sneak sandwiches upstairs, or hike over to Castle's for a bottle of Pluto water among six? And how can such a bunch of spendthrifts ever hope to bank money?

? ? ?

Why did Joe Pani pay such frenzied attentions to Lois Whitney on his trips in the Submarine? And didn't the giddy young thing look rather bored?

? ? ?

Wasn't it killing to hear Margie Lundihn (ex-hubby designer at Hickson's) asking loudly of everyone if they had seen her "boy friend?" (Some "boy"—not more than 60.)

(Continued on page 18)



*You probably don't need to be told
that this is*

**MARJORIE
BONNER**

*one of the sweetest and most popular
girls of which Broadway boasts.
Marjorie will both manage and
"hostess" "JAZZLAND" a new
dancing place to open about Oct 1, at
48th Street and Broadway under
ownership of Ferris & Cronin.
There is no doubt Marjorie's person-
ality will cut a great big figure in the
anticipated success of this interest-
ing enterprise.*

"KEEP YOUNG LOOKING"

and you will be attractive. This is the motto of most of the theatrical profession and one of the many reasons why so many of the "stars" go to Dr. Pratt's Institute, 40 west 34th St. The Dr. has an eye that detects the slightest deviation from perfection and can make your face perfect at slight cost.

* * *

FLIES COME IN FOR THE OPENING

The Lakewood Restaurant at 51st and Broadway, recently opened by the proprietors of the Lakewood Hotel, N. J., is a rather nifty place, and the food and service are something above the average. There's just one slight drawback, however—the flies. Each table seems to have a home-guard of from three hundred to four hundred flies. One of our friends who was there on the opening night suggests that the flies might have come in from Lakewood to help celebrate.

* * *

LITTLE FRANCES WHITE

it was reported recently had lost her jewels in toto as the incidental result of getting in a very wild and off-color party, at the same time suffering a number of "bruises and contusions." It's an old story on Broadway that if you don't watch your step in joining late parties, you're going to be relieved of something or other you'll miss badly.

* * *

PRETTY BETTY MARTIN

of the raven hair is a girl who is causing a lot of admiring comment these days, although not in any way a "Broadway" frequenter. Betty has some class along with her winning ways, and she'd have to be gilt edge anyway to meet the fastidious taste of the prominent and popular moving picture man she has been seen with lately.

* * *

IF YOU HAVE A DIAMOND PIN

with a sapphire stone center, as a friend of ours has, it would be a good plan to go somewhere else than the shop of J. Brenner near 47th on 7th avenue if you have any repairing you wish done to it. Our friend took such a pin there to have the bar renewed, and when he got it back the sapphire stone in the center was all cracked. Complaint to the Brenner organization met with the usual result—"we never did it." It is such actions as these that eventually put stores on the black-list, and while this notice may not effect restitution to the injured party it will probably afford some food for reflection to the Brenner outfit.



ETHEL HALLOR

called the most beautiful girl in the "Ziegfeld Follies," who always takes her lovely self to Adele's, 158 West 45th Street, when she wants a stylish hat. She is seen here wearing one of Adele's very newest Fall creations, a blue and grey check Angora with a steel-grey velvet top. Adele, by the way, extended marked sympathy and help to the striking actors, and they all speak loudly in her praise.

"TURN BACK THE HOURS"

We wouldn't wonder if that's what Mabelle E—— would now like to do after throwing over her old sweetie of six years for a John said to be in receipt of the princely weekly honorarium of forty bucks. In the old days Mabel could have everything she wanted, along with the kitchen stove. Fact is, the "whole darn family" was included in the upkeep, and when you hit anything like that, gells, you sure ought to put on the clutches. We heard the other day that Mabel had landed a job, the firm being reported as Messrs. Street & Walker, an old, established house. "Pricie" is also said to be working for said concern.



HARRY
CARROLL

Composer of songs that are sung over the whole world, who has written the music for many big stage successes and is now (with Harold Atteridge) engaged on the score of "The Little Blue Devil" soon to be produced by Joe Weber.



ALIENATION OF AFFECTIONS—" \$25,000 PLEASE!"

This is a recent remark credited to Mrs. London Wallick, and said to have been addressed to a Miss or Mrs. Hirsch, who is supposed to have stolen away the loving disposition of London Wallick. Mrs. London entered an action for divorce some time ago, but is reported to be also countering with a \$25,000 litigation against the more or less fair co-respondent. London Wallick is apparently sitting tight, bending his head to the storm his amorous tendencies have stirred up. We hear he is enjoying the cool airs of Alexandra Bay, and our correspondent there thought he saw a lady answering the Hirsch description the other day. London Wallick, by the way, has had no part or interest in the management of the famous Wallick's for many years, although many who saw him around there occasionally thought he was the inventor, proprietor and stage-manager. There is only one "big noise" at 43rd and Broadway, and that is Lew Wallick, a prince of good fellows and one of the most astute and accomplished hotel men in the country. By the way, a friend of ours claims there is an error of value in the reported \$25,000 alienation suit. He says: "After looking at London for many years, I insist it's just \$24,499.50 too high."

* * *

BREAD, BEER AND BUTTONHOLES

Meeting the "little lady" on 45th street the other day, we had recalled to our mind the sensational affair in smoky old Pittsburgh in which she figured about two years ago. In this scandal were implicated a man of bread, a boniface and her own good little milliner self, so we head our reminiscences, "Bread, Beer and Buttonholes." Some of it came out in the press thereafter, but not all. It seems Miss Milliper, stopping at a Smoky City hotel, under the management of Mr. Beer (who is

now in charge of well-known Manhattan restaurant) became the object of longing of Mr. Bread, whose product is eaten every morning by thousands of famished Broadwayites, and when his advances were not returned, Mr. Bread—as was charged and alleged—with the aid, comfort and assistance of Mr. Beer, entered the little gell's room one dark and stormy night, and after administering a drug, carried out his unholy purposes.* Result, the very devil to pay, with charges, counter-charges, court actions, AND, in due course of time, a fine, bouncing boy to emphasize the gravity and perfidity of the affair. It is reported on very best authority that Mr. Bread settled with the lady of buttonholes for a cold \$50,000. All is now peaceful and calm, and Miss Buttonholes conducts a very smart gown shop on a side street, well, 45th if you insist on knowing. Mr. Bread goes on making his glutinous product as of yore, the Man of Beer nurses the small tuft of hair left, and the bouncing boy is growing up hale and hearty to the great joy and pride of his mumma.

* * *

ABOUT POPULAR HARRY CARROLL

If Harry Carroll, the popular young composer is missed from his usual haunts do not be too quick to misjudge him. He is working very, very hard. Every moment is employed in rehearsing his new musical farce, "The Little Blue Devil," soon to be produced by Joe Weber for Broadway edification. Associated with Harry in the writing of this musical play is his comrade Harold Atteridge, who, with him wrote the book and lyrics of "The Passing Show of 1914," "Dancing Around," and "Maid in America," all of them Winter Garden productions.

Harry is very proud of the great cast that Joe Weber has engaged for his play. Not content with one star, the cast is doubly starred with Bernard

Granville and Lillian Lorraine, who will be seen in the name part. Others in the excellent company are Jack McGowan, Edward Martindel, Wilfred Clarke, Louise Kelley, Anna Sands, Jeanette Emory and a whole lot of others. And don't forget its gay chorus which report has it is the "peachiest" of the season!

* * *

"IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE"— WEED

Running into little Jackie Miller the other day, known (from her fondness for the Navy) as "the sailor's delight," recalled to our minds the harrowing story of Evangeline Weed. Evangeline opened up offices in the Knickerbocker Building away back last December wherefrom she conducted a "develop your personality" and booking business. It seems her developing powers were first exercised on the bank account of little Jackie Miller's pop, for the old gentleman, hailing from Astoria, L. I., invested \$2,000 with Evangeline on the strength of her promise to make Jackie a second Elsie Ferguson or Nora Bayes, although all Jackie did for several months thereafter was to open the mail, close the doors, and fill the ink-bottles. Then Eva went out after other "angels," meantime placing ads with *Variety*, *Dramatic*, *Mirror*, *Clipper*, *Billboard*, etc., to the value of nearly three thousand dollars—for which sum these amiable sheets are still looking. No one had ever heard of any acts "booked" or any personalities "developed", and little Jackie still occupied her time in pasting stamps on letters and chasing the American Navy. Eva then moved to more pretentious offices, and reorganized. But the day of reckoning was close at hand. She had to fly the coop, and is now supposed to be in Boston, from which exasperating town she first came. It is said quite a number of person are "looking" for her. Little Jackie had to forego Broadway's lights and hike back to the cool but quiet confines of Astoria, L. I. As we said, we saw her the other day—on her way to a battleship.

* * *

Quinto Semprini, the Happy, has reopened his pretty restaurant, and is again doing a rush business. There is a personality about "Semprini's" to be found in no other eating-place in its line.

"NEVER INTERDOOOCE YER DONER TO YER PAL"

This plaintive Cockney ditty is herewith respectfully tendered for the use of that popular Broadwayite, Jerry Rosenberg. It bears its sorrowful meaning in its very lines, but if you wish it translated into plain United States it seeks to convey that if you are foolish enough to introduce your best girl to your best friend you are simply a nice little damn fool. Jerry did this same thing not long ago, and not only THAT but out of the kindness and sociability of his manly heart actually went and invited the friend right away up to his best girl's cosy home, same being situate and located in the Holland Apartments, which is about as nice a place as any damsel would want to live. Well, the result was that for some reason or other, inscrutable to all except an overruling Providence familiar with the cussedness of the female sex, this little best girl straightway became muchly enamored of said friend, and at the end of an evening whose trying nature for Jerry can be better imagined than described, gave plain intimation that Jerry's taking the air would be a great and wonderful idea. So Jerry got down the lift as soon as possible, leaving the citadel in possession of the faithless friend—routed horse, foot and artillery. God, boys, if you've ever experienced this you'll know what it means. Nix on the introduction stuff for Jerry hereafter!!! Oh, you Gertrude!!!! But remember it's a long Lane that has no turning!!!

* * *

BAL TABARIN OPENS

And everybody knows and admires the master-hand of Gil Boag.

And everybody was longing for it! With the formal opening on Tuesday of last week of the Bal Tabarin in the Winter Garden building, Broadway's annual season may be said to have gotten under way. The event was a most successful one and the popular home of good music and dance at Broadway and 50th St. got off most auspiciously.

The Bal Tabarin this year presents an entirely new appearance, having been redecorated under the direction of Gaillard T. Boag. A sky pink soft light shades a delicate glow over the hall, while a shade of pink and gray falling upon the blue walls of the lounge room adds to the artistic setting of the place.

This was the work of Hugh McKay, the designer, who has just returned after several years abroad.

Earl Fuller's orchestra is furnishing the music for the dancing, while Rene Durant, the famous chef, who was brought over from the Cafe Americaine of Paris, is in charge of the cuisine.

* * *

**ANNA SPENCER, THE FAMOUS
THEATRICAL COSTUMER**

Arranged over a spacious area are the show-rooms, reception-room, fitting-rooms, executive offices, wardrobe and workrooms of Anna Spencer, Inc., 244 West 42nd Street, in the heart of the theatrical district. Decorations are most tasteful and inviting, hangings, cushions, carpets and furniture in the most delightful color scheme, offering the theatrical visitor every inspiration and comfort. Sketches, designs and materials of the richest and most artistic; costumes of a striking and beautiful finish. Dressing-rooms where one to one hundred may try on costumes. Stage special where gowns may be displayed by the prima donna or the entire company—all the lighting equipment that the modern theatre has.

**ISN'T IT A CHARMING WORLD, JUST
NOW?**

Gas men on strike.
Sing Sing convicts on strike.
Sing Sing convicts caught in a crap game.

Cover charge for bread and butter.
Booze got to be sneaked.
Shortage reported in the cigar crop.
Anti-cigarette fiends organizing.
Grave diggers on strike.
Mid-wives on strike.

(We'll soon not be able to be either
born or buried.)

* * *

IF YOU BROKE UP A HAPPY HOME

by grabbing a sweet little wife out of it, and then got off without even a Jack Dempsey wallop, you'd consider yourself rather lucky, wouldn't you? The aforesaid wallop, and a good deal more, are coming to Harry Cohen, of the West Side apartments from C. S. Sheffey, the injured husband in the case, and if he gets off it will only be out of Sheffey's consideration for Valerie, the poor, misguided little wife. As we said, some home-wreckers are rather lucky!



Moulin Rouge

48th Street At Broadway

The Most Unique Dancing and Dining Place in America



A Little Bit of Paris

CUISINE
AND
ENTERTAINMENT
A LA
FRANCAISE



on Broadway

**STARTLING ENTERTAINMENT, FEATURING
EXTRAORDINARY EUROPEAN NOVELTIES**

TRAILING THE BROADWAY GANG AT LONG BEACH



(Continued from page 12)

Why did Marcia name the shore cop, "Mr. Long Beach," and why did he carry a carpenter's rule to measure doubtful bathing suits? Why did he put the measuring stick on Mrs. Nat Wills' costume, and is it true he found it 1/16 inch too short?

Who was the guy continually doing the "sissy" act on the sands every Sunday afternoon, and isn't he afraid someone *might* infer it was a REAL impersonation? And didn't he make everybody awfully sick?

Why did Marcia want to know if Billy Kurth really lost the 20 lbs. in weight Mr. Ziegfeld wants him to get rid of?

How did Bobby Linus enjoy his series of "wild parties"?

Who was the pretty blonde that Billy Emmerich displayed to admiring sand-gazers?

What has happened to Herbert Sanborn, a chap Broadway misses sincerely?

Is the little half-portion-of-coffee, who stayed at the Nassau, and rode his sister in a Stutz all day long (holding down the furniture in Castle's in the evening) trying to marry her off? And where did she get that sparkler?

Why did Gay Shiffer make it a practice to flirt with all the dumb-belles on the Beach? Is he planning a gym of his own?

Why were Maurice and Walton at Long Beach—but NOT together?

Why did Conky take all the snaps and what happened them? And is it true some of the "couples" were scared?

How did "Sunshine" get her "iodine knee?"

Did "Trixie" get her \$4,500 pin back, or did George really lose it? Isn't it all cold, Trix, and oughtn't you to put a hawser on that \$5,000 Tiffany ring as a precaution?

Is it true it was Bobby W—who was going to take a shly with a beer bottle at aviator Lockwood one night at the Lafayette?

Is it true Georgie Kohler owns a really truly home of her own at L. B. and isn't she among the most popular of the girls?

Is it to be credited that at last that one good little gell, Helen Hudson, is securely seated on the old Water Cart?

Why does "Boba" always keep her hat on at L. B.? Why not carry sample trunks, B., and do the thing right?

Why was Herman Lichaeur called "one of our best quiet little workers?" And speaking of nationality, who pose as a Frenchman, Herman?

Did you ever see such a crowd as gathered around Marcia's kiddie when she took him to the beach, and isn't he the cutest and prettiest thing imaginable? But he's got to go some if he sets as many hearts fluttering as his stunning mumma. Oh, boy, you ought to have seen them stand in line!!!

? ? ?

Where were all the other Frolic beauties, when we glimpsed only dazzling Ethel Hallor, Martha Mansfield, Dolly Douglas, Delyle Alda and Betty Brown on the burning strand.

? ? ?

Did you hear of head-waiter Henry's celebrated reply to the inquisitive guest. He said to Henry: "Say, you know that little blonde who comes in—sits at that corner table—you know, with the big hat and the feather—you know——" "Oh, yes," Henry said, "She does."

? ? ?

Did you ever visit Shady's Restaurant at Freeport (fish and sea food) and ask for "steamed clams" according to the sign? They give you Little Necks instead!!

? ? ?

Did you notice those kidding mobs, including Ben Jaffe, Jack Dwyer, Charlie Hirsch, the noted shoe man, Freddie Beck, Billy Sonnheimer, Senator Reynolds, Jay O'Brien (who went to Wall St. thrice a week) also (where's Irene F?) Judge Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Milgram, Dick Gest, Sam Schepps, etc., etc.

? ? ?

Why did everybody laugh their heads off when the Castle's management flashed on the sheet at twelve o'clock each night: "Please do not object to the high prices; labor is very hard to get." We think the people "worked" hardest were the poor guests!

? ? ?

Wasn't it, now, tough at Long Beach this summer? Isn't Prohibition hell?

(Continued on page 29)



FILMART

NEW YORK'S

MOST MODERN STUDIO

OF

Motion Picture acting is now accepting a few talented beginners, all ages, both sexes, who are desirous of entering this best paying profession. Competent directors give each applicant a free try-out. If qualified we will rehearse you for parts in productions.

Apply daily

FILMART STUDIOS

69-71 W. 90th St. (Columbus Ave.)



GILDA
GRAY

That renowned demonstrator of the "Shimmy" (called "extraordinary" by Geo. Jean Nathan of the SMART SET) and who is now to be the hostess at the famous BAL TABARIN restaurant, 50th Street and Broadway.

THE BUNK CLUB of New York City

*Famous new organi-
zation elects its full
Board of Officers.*

Organised but three months ago, the success of the "Bunk" Club is something amazing. Of course the conditions of membership are very exacting. Officers of the Club must be boiled ninety minutes. You must be a fifty-minute egg to qualify for ordinary enrollment. Although Broadway is jammed with eggs, the trouble arises in having any of them admit it. The By-laws describe a fifty-minute egg as follows:

By-Law 1—Section 4—It is understood that those persons who in restaurant, bar, taxi, street-car, or at soda or orange-juice stand, or in any other place or places whatsoever where money may be spent, become suddenly afflicted with sclerosis (or hardening) of the muscles of the right arm, so as to prevent the owners of said arm from inserting the hand therewith connected in such pocket or pockets on their person or persons as contain money, kale, dough, sugar or the long green, and who, despite this affliction watch other and sundry of the company in which they be present disburse money, kale, dough, sugar or long green, without a word of explanation or apology, and who continue in such practice are to be, and hereby are, known and denominated as **hard boiled eggs**. And it is further provided in Section 5 that the said definition of **hard boiled egg** also is to extend to those person or persons known on Times Square, N. Y., as "stallers" who do intentionally and deliberately for the purposes of gain and enrichment make promises they never intend keeping, such as for instance on engagements, dates, business, or in the cast of cabaret flappers, the licking up of large amounts of food and drink on the understanding that there is going to be a wild time in the apartment, or that you can take them up on the Hudson or Fall River night line, or that you can try on the \$15.00 hosiery you got at Altman's.

These excerpts from the By-laws, making such delightful reading, show how truly hard it is to get members for the Bunk Club by personal consent. It is therefore a unique Club, for it elects always by force. Take the new President, ferinstance, Monty Fleishman. Monty is the prize bunk-artist of Broadway—the Bunk Club was just made for him. Could there be found, in all our Great City, one dissenting voice on his elevation to this honor? Take Dick Himber—the boy staller, who has disappeared from human gaze since Sophie Tucker fired him! Take Kitty Flynn known as the little "seven bottle" girl! They have all gone into office with a chorus of applause. The public insisted upon it. And remember, that to be an Officer of the Club, you must be boiled *ninety* minutes, or forty minutes longer than the ordinary guy.

It is only right to announce that fried, scrambled or poached eggs are not admissible to membership. When any of the regular members "soften up" (it happens twice in a century) they are at once dropped from membership, being then known as "dropped" eggs. Meetings are held monthly around the 24th. Officers just elected are as follows:

President of the Bunk Club, Monty Fleishman; Vice-President, Dick Himber; Secy, Kitty Flynn; Treas, Dolly Dempsey; Board of Governors, Harry Anderson; Campus, 32nd. st; Ray Emory; J. H. Anderson, Anti-Saloon League; W. J. Bryan; Walter Windsor; Old Drs. Pease, Crane and Marden; F. P. A. of the Tribune; Julius Keller, of Maxim's; Pres. De Valera, of Ireland.



IRENE
WESTON

Whose fame as a dancer culminated in the brilliant performance with "Hitchy-Koo," and who is now preparing for a feature number in a big early Autumn production on Broadway.

DEAR OLD BROADWAY! T H E N AND--NOW

Demon Prohibition has landed some awfully tough wallops right on the pneumogastric of Old Man Broadway Night Life. Think back to the times, ye grizzled Forty-second Streeters, when a hansom or deep-sea-going hack in front of the Haymarket at 30th and Sixth was ready to trundle you at any time after two a. m. into a phantasmagoria of thrills! You could take a trip in the side streets from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-sixth that if you didn't take soundings at five minute intervals, would raid your pocket-book like a Castles-by-the-Sea drink check. You paid your money and you took your choice. You could have "Japanese diving girls" near Herald Square, or a long-haired fiddler at Jake Wolf's old place in the Forties, or watch Tubby Barron do his Svengali death act at Kid McCoy's, or get your nose broken in the Bohemia, or talk to Tom Sharkey's frazzled blondes in the back room on Fourteenth street, or see the old organist start the enormous pipe organ going at Theiss's nearby, or look over Jennie's assortment in the Robespierre. When you got through with this around six a. m. you could hike back to the Haymarket this being known to the regulars as "bargain" hour. The old violinist, at whom our then untutored eyes so loved to stare, was very likely gone home. At seven, off for Jack's, crowded to the doors, the faces all suffused with that peculiar green hue that comes in the morning gray; like the beginnings of tubercular trouble. If you took along some Pearl or Flo you had snatched from the flotsam and jetsam of the Haymarket you sat in that delicious maze that enwraps the brain after a deluge of Martinis, and listened to her tale of conquest and woe. Anywhere you hung your hat after that was home.

But—Now! Pay heed, whatever gods there be!

The hour is ONE a. m. Here is what is driving the old-timers to burglary or the river.

WOLPIN'S

Hams—and! Anvil chorus of three-a-days and soup plates. Full of dizzy blondes, with pimped escorts. Main conversation, relative merits of the Eagle Hotel in Lebanon and the Roach House in Scranton. Frisco or Harry Herschfield drops in occasionally, giving the place a lift. At 3 a. m. going strong. At four they all go home to the Webster, Princeton or Bartholdi Inn to fight the insects. Slogan of Wolpin's is: "Gimme 'nother cawfee!"

OLD MOTHER CHILDS

Sinkers—and! On Times Square. Coffee now 10 cents a smash. In front the musicians from the Rivoli, with their instruments. Centre, the mysterious tall man, with all the morning papers, said to be from the "Times." Rear, generally about four thousand sight-seeing truck chauffeurs with eight or nine thousand taxicab drivers. All need a bath. Roar of plates and forks sounds like an "Aida" triumphal chorus. Principal yell: "Gimme 'nother cawfee."

BROADWAY THEN—AND NOW

REUBENS

Sandwiches—and! King Alcohol's period of coma has upset the rush here somewhat after one, but lots of life yet. Behind the counter you can see John Henry Mears making himself a layer cake of ham and bread. Nina Whitmore is eating pickles. Sophie Tucker went once, then said: "Never again!" Packards outside. No, Jay's not among 'em. Onion and laugh odors. The whole row about nothing in particular. Principal yell: "Gimme 'nother sandwich!"

* * *

MARSHALL'S

Dusky darkies—and! Puts the fifty-fifty in Fifty-third. Jammed with very young girls and very old men. Generally a taxi-driver next table with a flask. In centre that most horrible of all human contrivances—a soda fountain. Place in semi-darkness. Darkey jass melodist visits the tables. General air of "tough as nails." and, listen!—this is RICH. *There's a cover charge of 25c. per person!!!!* (Castle's please write.)

* * *

JOSIE'S

Josie, in that cosy little place on 48th and as nice a girl as you could find, has also about 5,000 more lives than a cat. Gets younger-looking each day. Serves you the most appetising plate dinner in Manhattan after eleven. Sticks to the law and still makes money. Interesting and notable people—Josie in her green sweater behind the little desk like some Diana of the Dishes. This place is more like the old New York than anywhere we know. Could it be otherwise, seeing Josie's smile?

(Ye Gods! since this was typed, Josie suffered what looks like a final raid)

* * *

Grandlund's Fishin' Trip

N. T. Grandlund, he of the Publicity Dept. of the great Loew picture houses, came back from his annual "fishing trip" a few days ago, and reported to BREVITIES immediately that his haul of sea food this season netted him \$431.00. He spent four weeks on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and was never asked for a pass once. He is as brown as a berry, the same un-

equalled good fellow, for whom all have an admiring word.

* * *

SQUIRRELS—THIS WAY, PLEASE

Your attention called to a fine collection of "nuts" if you feel real snappy. We mean the Anti-Cigarette League. We believe you'll get especially good nicking off the Chief "Nut," Lucy Page

Gaston. In a crazy letter to the *Sun*, calls herself modestly, "Founder and Supt." Thinks cigarettes are just awful; oh mercy, it's a wonder any of our brave boys in France were ever left alive after all the "coffin nails" they consumed. Isn't it funny 99% of the soldiers said that their comforting cigarettes *helped them to exist and to fight*. Only one thing we regret. That this Head Nut, Lucy Gaston, hadn't been over in a front line trench some day at daybreak when a charge was about to be made and tried to take away the smokes! That would have been all for the "Founder and Supt." She's facing a tough prop. is Lucy Gaston, and we wish her every kind of hard luck. She and her gang of fanatics are a disgrace to America.

* * *

"BUSTED-UP" ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following well-known acts, after shorter or longer engagements, are now doing singles again. If you have any split weeks, it might be well to address them care of this paper. Will now work small or big time.

Lorraine & Pani
Atkins & Freye
Conky & Lovelle
Levis & Alexander
Sheer & Gleason
Hixon & Leeds
Mansfield & Bernheimer
Pani & Jerome (may work single soon)
Maurice & Walton
Gertrude & Douglas

* * *

Sophie Tucker Reopens at Risenweber's

Sophie Tucker, the wonderful, reopens her Room at Reisenweber's as we go to press. What can we say about Sophie more than we've said 1000 times—so far above all other entertainers in her line that comparison is futile! See our next issue for all the news about her—we're just able to sneak in these few lines as the printer waits.

IS THERE SUCH A PERSON ? as CHAMBERLAIN BROWN ?

Broadway Puzzled over the Mysterious Personality of the
Fitzgerald Building

If you ascend the dark and musty little stairway of the Fitzgerald Building, and stop short on the first landing you will find two doors bearing the legend of the CHAMBERLAIN BROWN BOOKING AGENCY.

Let us suppose you are a ham out of work and would fain hold personal speech with Chamberlain about a job. You tremulously open one of the doors. If it is summer, you find yourself in a small room packed as never sardines were packed with hams similar to yourself, the sweat pouring down their features, in a temperature of about 115 Fahrenheit.

Both sexes jam the room; flappers, decayed monologists, dancing teams, mothers with babes at their knee, fanning them like mad to keep breath in them; the lame, the halt and the blind.

You ask, as soon as you can mop several gallons of beady perspiration from your nose, to see "Mr. Brown." The sad man in charge says: "Mr. Brown is not in." You squeak: "When will he be in?" With a far-away look in his eyes the sentinel makes answer: "We expect him soon." You stagger from this animated sweat-box and tumble down the narrow stairs.

The next day, and the next, and the next—covering weeks, months, years—you may revisit this sweat-drenched waiting room, and get exactly the same reply. Nor have your fellow-hams fared better. They all freely admit they have NEVER laid eyes on the person calling himself Chamberlain Brown, nor have any of their relatives, friends or acquaintances ever seen him, nor have any of their relatives, friends or acquaintances ever MET anyone who had seen him. He is the great UNSEEN. The Veiled Prophet—and you can't get a look even at the veil.

All this has now given good and plentiful grounds for the suspicion that there exists no such individual as Chamberlain Brown. Of course we have certain hearsay accounts, such as that one afternoon, in the early spring of 1916, a person claiming himself to be Mr. Brown appeared for fifteen seconds in the waiting-room and spoke to a three-a-day act going to Union Hill. Another rumor has it that in the late Fall of 1917 a person answering Mr. Brown's description was seen dining in Wallick's. We dismiss these flying tales as utter bosh, however, the figments of disordered intelligences.

It looks, really, like a case for the Society for Psychic Research. Or for the Spook Association. Or for the guy that Elbert Hubbard sent to find Garcia. If that guy can find Chamberlain, he's a bird!

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

We introduce Anna Spencer to adorn our new cover this month, who is known to all theatrical people as a marvelous creator and executor of costumes for the stage. Since leaving school this has been her pastime, and her devotion to her work has marked her success. She has worked in every branch of costuming from manufacturing to designing. Her ability, as a mere girl, was recognized over eleven years ago by the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, who after a short time gave her entire charge of their costume department, where she has created costumes for every talked-about star in America.

Combined with her ability she has wonderful personality, which helps her in making new acquaintances every day, and is a big part of her great success.

LITTLE CLUB POPULAR

The oft reiterated boast that New York is the greatest summer resort in America is well borne out these nights by a visit to the Little Club in the West 44th Street Theatre Building and a cursory survey of the throngs there present. Certainly, judged by the size of the crowds which patronize this delightful little after-theatre resort, one would well believe that not only had New York's population remained in town during the heated spell but a goodly portion of the outlying districts had also been drawn on.

Tables are at a premium each night at the Little Club and even as early as 10:30 in the evening the place is well filled. Excellent music and a splendid floor combine to make the place most inviting for the patrons of dancing, while an unsurpassed cuisine adds the finishing touch to a thoroughly enjoyable home of amusement.

What did you say, "Gil Boag, again?" Why, sure! He waves his magic wand over a place and the next day they're in line to get in. Isn't half the secret that he's such a nice, plain chap and cordial and polite to *all* who visit the Rector places?

THE "MONA LISA" TURNS UP!!!

Everyone has read and heard of the amazingly mysterious theft of the famous Mona Lisa painting from the Paris *Louvre*. They will be pleased to know that Mona Lisa has been located. This celebrated study in oil has been seen all summer long decorating the sands at Long Beach, and at night in a gold frame in Castle's-by-the-Sea. As there seems to be an entire absence of any animation indicating life, there is good reason to believe that the great mystery of the pilfered painting is at last solved. Most curious to relate, however, the painting now *talks* occasionally! It was dancing the other night at Castle's and actually said something about a certain "blackmailing sheet" referring we presume to the Paris (Calif.) weeklies that made so many cracks when it disappeared. This is rather risky talk should the Paris weeklies get annoyed about it. Funniest thing of all some guy yelled out right on the floor, looking straight at the painting: "Well, as I live and breathe, it's little Aimee Jerome of Los Angeles!" Now, what ever did they mean by that????

B. F. Keith's**PALACE****The Million
Dollar Theatre****BROADWAY and 47th STREET, NEW YORK****THE
LEADING****VAUDEVILLE****HOUSE OF
THE WORLD****AND PREMIER MUSIC HALL**

Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.

DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c, and Best Seats 75c.
EVENINGS, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50

I'M A VERY HIGHLY EDUCATED MAN

I'm a very highly educated man, to keep my brain within my hat I
 always plan
 And I've lived so very long that they used to sing this song when
 Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.
 I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon in fact I steered the raft
 which he was on
 I saw Hannibal at home and Nero burning Rome and I even saw the
 fall of Babylon
 I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door I'm the man who picked
 the fig leaves that they wore
 When the apple they were eating round the corner I was peeking
 I can prove that I'm the man who ate the core.
 I saw Absalom a hanging by the hair, when they built the wall in
 China I was there
 I saved old Solomon's life and he offered me a wife; I said Now you're
 talking business, have a chair.
 In the Moulin Rouge one evening I was seen drinking cocktails with
 the Empress Josephine
 And along the great white way with Napoicon one day I shot him in
 the gullet with a bean
 Oh, the Queen of Sheba fell in love with me, we were married in
 Milwaukee secretly
 And on Pamberamcer bay with Methusela one day I saved his flowing
 whiskers from the breeze
 I saw Roosevelt's big laugh that splits his face in half and Pershing
 set the trap for German mice
 Now you may think these stories are not true but pray what does
 that make to you,
 I'm just giving you this line to waste a little time and now I'm going
 to quit it cause I'm through.



The pleasing appearance of Anna Spencer, as shown in this photograph, brings to mind her many expressions of appreciation at the successful results Henry W. Savage attained at the time the Gotham Silk Hosiery Co. furnished the entire "See Saw Co." with extra fine silk stockings. These stockings were blended in a wonderful way in the dyeing so as to harmonize with the gowns of the production, which gowns were designed and executed by Anna Spencer, Inc.. It is by the way interesting to note that the Gotham Silk Hosiery Co. Manufacturers, operate two smart retail stores under the name of "Gotham Hosiery Shops" at 1 west 34th. street and 504 Fifth avenue, where they retail the well known Gotham "Gold Stripe" silk stockings.



FRANK B.
DUFRANE

Who although only 27 years old, has played the most prominent stock parts for over 5 years. Frank had one of the big roles in "The Man Who Came Back." He opened Sept. 1 as lead in Colonial Stock Co., Lawrence, Mass., for a 40 weeks' engagement.

TRAILING THE BROADWAY GANG AT LONG BEACH—



(Continued from page 19)

Why was the sky-scraper girl, said to be called Josephine Lorraine, referred to at one of the tables as "a dancing nut?" Why the word dancing?

Who was the girl with Nita Carmen Naldi, and wasn't her appearance rather sadly in contrast with that of the raven-hued Century beauty? Nita, if there were a million girls around us we rather think we'd hike back to you!

Wasn't that some stunning green bathing suit that sweet Iren Weston displayed in and around the sands?

Did you ever see such throwing of the medicine ball—pardon us we mean ball—as took place the last Sunday? And we are present to say that Bly Brown can sling a nasty ball, despite drawbacks that come in Castle's glass.

And further, why does the Beach cop butt in when Bly is giving her regular Sunday performance for the country cousins on the Boardwalk rail? If the gell wants to fill up on sarsaparilla, whose biz is it?

Among those seen on the last sad Sunday: Bob Nichols (U. S. Representative); Mitch Shulman; Popular Lou Davis; Sylvia Day; Violet Strathmore; Ann Luther, whose blonde beauty we like; Frank Gordon; Bill Seamon; Zella Call; Marion Welt; Phil Kastell; Leo Weil; Allan Dinehart, with considerable Ritz; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Harris; that nice boy, Frankie Meyers; Hazel Alden, ex-Isman;; Dorothy Klewer; the dancing houndess, Jo Lorraine; smiling and distinguished Walter Kingsley, the one and only; Rufus Lemaire, who will produce the BROADWAY BREVITIES' revue a bit later; the inseparable and not to be duplicated chums, Ray Owen and Jay Packard; two acknowledged beauties of the Beach, Marcia and Carrie; petite Helen Campbell; that little stormy petrel of the cabarets, Joyce Fair (don't get mad, Joyce!); Harry Keller, looking fat and healthy; and last but not least that most cordial of men and wonderful of hosts, Frank Keeney.

Is it true that Helen Eby has gone, done and quit Harry Myers?

Why did the Castle's management take such a long time in finding a table on the last Sunday evening for that veteran boulevardier of the old regime, Jeff Seligman, who were the two pretty chickens he had along, and is it a fact that Jeff's reluctance to leave much on the plate the explanation of his being kept standing for a table a full hour?

What was the reason for the sudden explosion of temper on the part of Aimee Jerome (alias Mona Lisa) when Marcia accidentally hit her with the tennis ball? And doesn't she realize that Marcia has the wickedest wallop on the whole beach?

How did R. C. Guest come to have a phony check for \$100.00 cashed by the very obliging and popular head-waiter at Castle's, Peter Oglietti, on the 13th of August, and why did he completely disappear after securing the kale? Isn't it pretty rough to take advantage of good nature in this manner? And what is Vi Quinn's opinion on the transaction?

What is the story connected with Mabel Normand's going over to the Goldwyn Co. after her great success as comedienne with the Mack Sennett organization, and is it partly due to Mabel's piscatorial tastes, the really truly name of her new admirer being Goldfish. Does she consider the whole thing a "Sennett comedy?"

? ? ?

Does Aimee Jerome know that her Ritz airs get her kidded and not admired? Also is she aware that it is dangerous to use the word "blackmail" without reason?

? ? ?

Did you ever get an awful attack of that "tired" feeling? Everyone in Castle's was suffering from it the last Sunday night watching the Ritz airs of Bonny Glass as she queened it to and from her table for the dances. When will the poor little gell learn that simplicity is a thousand times more charming than such sickening posing?

? ? ?

The Castle's Quartette will now render that "touchy" little ballad entitled, "If the Sand-flies don't get you then Joe Pani Must," by the composer of, "God Help the Sailors Washed Ashore at Long Beach."

Good-bye old Beach, good-bye old Booze,
Thank God we saved at least our shoes.

Two drinks at Castles-by-the-Sea
And in the poor-house you would be.

Old Capt. Kidd it must have been
Who ran the Castles Submarine.

Two dollars for a piece of cake,
A diamond necklace for a steak!

You ought to hear the stews all holler
When buying bromo for a dollar!

And then when you were through, by heck
The "cover charge" would hit your neck.

The charges of the Light Brigade
Look sick with those Joe Pani made!

? ? ?

THE SQUIRRELS ARE LOOKING FOR

The chaps who wear wrist-watches.

The chap who sits in the street car with his back to the front when there are lots of empty seats.

The chap who comes in the empty restaurant and walks right over and sits in front of you.

The chap who camouflages his toothpick with his napkin.

The chaps with the sport collars.

The flapper nuts who take every dance from 8 to 1.

The chaps who pose for the collar ads.

The Greatest Stimulant Since the Town Went Dry—*R. Welsh, Telegram*

HAPPY DAYS THE MILLION DOLLAR SHOW

The Nation's Super-Spectacle of Good Cheer and Intoxicating Splendor

by R. H. Burnside, Music by Raymond Hubbell

AT THE HIPPODROME MATINEE EVERY DAY

HAPPY SCALE OF PRICES!

Seats 8 Weeks Ahead

CRAZY QUIPS AND FOOLISH ???

Is Nancy Stair chasing that Philly benedict or is the Philly benedict chasing Nancy? (We'll lay fifty on the red.)
? ? ?

How would you like to be Freddy Balsopher, since we hear around the lane that Miss Call, who has just returned from that dear France, is treating the boy to a little breach of promise suit at the modest cost of \$25,000? You'd never miss that, Freddy!
? ? ?

Cora Morena, please write. Irene Weston wants to locate her former dancing partner, Commandatore Arboz. Irene wishes to send her regards also to old General Disability.
? ? ?

Wasn't that cute to watch little Jane and Katherine Lee having a good time at the Automat exchanging nickels for noodles?
? ? ?

And wasn't it cuter to glimpse Ruby de Reymer having breakfast at Old Mother Childs with a light-weight sweetie and another girl? Ruby's a nice, unspoiled flapper, and we hate to see her treated to such large doses of fawning flattery such as the other female was administering.
? ? ?

Wasn't it killing to see Nita Naldi posing in front of the mirror in her Century Roof dressing room, and continually asking the other coryphees: "Don't I look wicked?" You sure do, Nita.
? ? ?

Who was it blew smoke in Betty Allen's face one night in front of a Broadway theatre, not a mile from 47th street? Did we say smoke?
? ? ?

What was the idea of Gordon Dooley and Peggy Allen being seen so much motoring of late? Was that Peggy, Gordon had to the 50th St. Regis one morning early?
? ? ?

Is it true that Clay Crouch, the original rapid-fire proposer, is in town and working away below his standard. Hasn't proposed matrimony in the past five hours!
? ? ?

Is it true that mine host Regan, of ye Knickerbocker Hotel, is ambitious to graduate as a bouncer? Isn't color lent to the suspicion by the nifty way he takes 'em by the collar in the lobby of his inn, every now and then, and bundles 'em out on the sidewalk. Honest to Gawd fact!



W. Augustus Pratt, M. D.

FACE SURGEON
*Largest Establishment
in the World for
Facial Corrections*

40 West 34th Street
Phone Knickerbocker 25

Noses Invisibly and Immediately
Shaped

IT PAYS TO KEEP
YOUR FACE PLEAS-
INGLY ATTRACTIVE

Consult the Scientific
Bedford Face Studios
for anything about the face
253 5th AVENUE
Tel. 4230 Madison Square



Discriminating shirt buyers almost invariably wend their way to the attractive store kept by Nat Lewis at 1578 Broadway, where assortments and styles are always at top notch. He has also a woman's dept. carrying everything in the line of silk underwear.

* * *

It is announced that the new Capitol Theatre, at Broadway and 51st street, have engaged New Wayburn to put into execution some startling original ideas they have for the productions at this beautiful theatre. So says Ben Atwell who brilliantly turns out Capitol publicity.

* * *

Harry Goodwin, that skilled and popular manager of the advertising part of Jos. W. Stern & Co., music publishers, announces "the Big Four" in songdom, "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me," Kentucky Dream (a great waltz song), "Let's Help the Irish Now" and "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me," the last a real dance-compelling melody. Most of the variety stars are singing the Big Four. Helen Lane is trilling "Under the Golden China Moon" in the Gus Hill show. Florence Millett is singing "Kentucky Dream" and "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me." She made a big sensation with these two melodies in her engagement at Congress Park, Saratoga. By the way, there's another clever and nice chap on the official roster of the Stern firm, and his name is Breier.



MARIE KAVANAUGH
and J. PAUL EVERETT, who have
just finished their 25th successful week
on Strand Roof (feature dancing act).
A clever and popular pair.

SELZNICK PICTURES PRESENT

The Screen's Most Distinguished Star

Eugene O'Brien

IN HIS FIRST PICTURE

"The Perfect Lover"

A Ralph Ince Production with a Marvelous Supporting Cast
including Lucille Stewart, Martha Mansfield, Mary Boland
and Marguerite Courtot

IN ALL THE
LOEW THEATRES

IN GREATER NEW YORK

This Week

CRAZY QUIPS AND FOOLISH ???

Is it true that the reason for Stuart Halmes' hanging round the Endicott Hotel so much is that he is studying mummies or skirts in the Egyptian room?

What was Dorothy Dalton doing in Mother Goodwin's Garret coffee shop in the Village the other night? Where was Thomas?

Wasn't that a fine clubby party where Courtney Foote edged himself in with ten friends, and stuck the "inviter" for a forty dollar throw on the check?

Wasn't it funny to see a certain little gell who writes publicity for Triangle ambling down Broadway with an "ol' Virginny" sweetie, and running into hubby, whose eyes are permanently green anyway?

Is it true that the "date" business has taken a big flourish since the actors began to congregate on 45th street? Isn't it a sort of "selective" bargaining, dearie?

Is Edwin Mocsary trying to qualify for the "in and out" championship? He has called it all off with Louise about 892 times, and a few days after each spasm you see 'em together again. Last smash was supposed to be for eternity but what do you know about that—the little bird brings news that they were together in the Little Club t'other night? Where was fascinating Mumma Groody? How she must have been missed?

How did that discourteous shimmy-shaker, Willie Moore, feel when—while he sat with Tot Qualters in Little Club, in walked Jimmie Hussey?

What attraction has the Drive for Peggy Dixon that she goes visiting thereon so many nights in the week?

What prompted Peggy Mitchell to tell Gordon Dooley: "My folks are better than yours?"

Is it true that that one good upstanding man, Eugene Walter, sent off a 700 words telegram to wife, and could it possibly have any relation to a recent infatuation with a former Century Roof beauty? And is it also true that everything is about ready for the final works?

Are Florence Wright and Jack Bloomberg as thick as ever, or is love's young dream beginning to slightly resemble a nightmare?

STRAND CAFE AND CHOP HOUSE

Just the best food at old-time prices. You can see most of the stage celebrities while you eat.

On 47th St. just west of Broadway

Why are Miss H—— and Miss F. W—— not on speaking terms and whose charge is correct?

Is the panic on that T. (Cadillac) Aitken is now taking his meals in chain restaurants rather than at his old hang-out, the Claridge, where he had an acct?

Why is it that Betty Hale always "nearly" registers a "succeed" in pictures, and never a genuine hit? (Rochester papers please copy.)

Is it o. k. that Lucille Darling gave it as her reason for striking, to George White, that she wasn't allowed to wear a particular gown in the shimmy shop every night?

Is it true that there are just 1,100 millionaires in New York City, and in making this estimate have they included the ones who are able to buy dinner at Castle's?

Why did the manager of the Claridge balk at cashing that "little check" for Frank Stanton Oil Dwyer the other night, on the occasion of the loud birthday party to Betty Davis? And didn't it throw quite a cold blanket on the hilarity?

What was the birthday present Dorothy Klewer gave Billy Sheer?

Is it a fact that Peggy Pelham now holds the proud place in Conky's young bosom formerly leased to that "now-you-see-her-and-now-you-don't" Dixie Lovelle?

And is it true that Conky has up his sleeve some wonderful photography? (Slow music.)

Why doesn't Nell Mallin, formerly of the Maytime Co., make herself genuinely popular by moving down from Fordham? It's a tough stretch for the boys, Nellie!



Mable Green,
Hostess



MEET ME AT WALLICK'S KA-MA-KU-RA R O O M

NOW OPEN



Dancing from 3.30 to closing

Music by

NADDY'S FAMOUS ORCHESTRA

Why does Clayton Dinsmoor keep his present whereabouts obscured from Dot King, and has an overcoat anything to do with it? (Flo Barnes please write.)
? ? ?

Amongst the actors taking up new occupations, list Jack Wilson (alias Mr. Kitty Gordon), who now chauffeurs her new red-trimmed limousine to the picture houses frequently?
? ? ?

What did Leo Carrillo's wife do with her little Stutz?
? ? ?

Why does Eddie Foy always exhibit great partiality for a former play entitled "Along Came RUTH?"
? ? ?

Who was the dashing blonde ye scribe glimpsed Billy Emmerich with the other day?
? ? ?

Wouldn't it be a grand idea for Mme. Francis (better known, probably, as Mrs. Nate Spingold) to give the Little Club a rest occasionally and help her wonderful husband adjudicate the internal eruptions of the Friars' Club? He was always good at throwing out new members.
? ? ?

Why did Evelyn Neville fail to applaud Ted Lewis' act at the Palace on Monday afternoon, and did Harry L. have anything to do with her attitude?
? ? ?

Isn't it nice to see Percy R. Gospel, the promising young stockbroker, looking for one with auburn-hair, and is it true he would be willing to star the right girl after 39 years' experience in "Daddies"?
? ? ?

Was that a kid about William Rock's intended marriage, and could he ever tear his affections away from his charming and brilliant little stage partner? Are the two of them aware how much Broadway longs for their act again?
? ? ?

Isn't it interesting to see the B. R. T. attorneys and officials' parties so often in busy Rectors, and isn't Barney Baruch always the life of the party? And did you ever hear one of Barney's best stories????
? ? ?

Would you ever dream, to gaze on Peggy Carter's quiet, childish features as she glides over the dance floor of the Little Club, that she once held the plate-throwing champ. at Circle Childs? 'Member?
? ? ?

How is it that clever Anne Wheaton seems to have the secret of perpetual youth, and what was that story she was laughing so heartily at in a merry party at the Little Club the other morning?



KASSEL STUDIOS. INC.

Specializing only in paintings and colored enlargements for lobby display purposes. Portraits in oil and ivory miniatures, copied from any photo.

Did you see the art display of fifteen paintings on the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties in the Broadway Theatre lobby.

CANDLER BUILDING

220 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE BRYANT 7774

Wasn't that a prize joke to sit admiring a gaily dressed beauty on the dancing floor of a Broadway cabaret the other night, and then find out she was a waitress in the C & L prune factory under the Monterey Hotel? Oh, mumma!!!

Wouldn't it have been a joke to yell "Coffee, black" and see if she'd shoot off the floor?

And at that, oughtn't a lot of the little dames that look down on her, to be slinging wheat-cakes at Old Mother Childs?

Then the question arises: "Would they know enough?"

A famous theatrical magnate is a real humorist. Seeing a girl go back and forth at Castle's about 50 times to dressing room and telephone he asked his party: "Did you know her name was Miss Olga Trotsky?"

Is it true that Geo. Haircut (nee Huffmeister) had it intimated to him that his absence at the L. Club would be more appreciated than his presence?

Why was Lew Cody invited to leave the Claridge, and didn't he embarrass his ex-wife by then seeking quarters at the Algonquin? And was that why he soon moved again?

Nat Lewis

Theatrical Outfitter
Haberdasher

712-716 7th Ave., 1578-1580 Broadway

All Stockings

" Tights

" Underwear etc,

used in all my contracts I purchase from *Nat Lewis* and I can always depend on him for service and satisfaction.

ANNA SPENCER, Inc.

To our friends:—The Theatrical Profession

Aldene

1628 BROADWAY
N.Y.

The exclusive Theatrical Photographer invites you to come to our new place on Broadway corner of 50th street after July 21st and see what a beautiful studio we have created for you. Where we will make 25—8 x 10 Photos finished in four poses for \$9.00.

The rise of the famous painter, Morris Kassel, reads like a romance. Once he occupied a small, dingy place away down on Washington Square, from which by his genius—and genius for hard work—he has graduated to a beautiful studio in the famous Candler Building. He originates and executes nearly all the pictorial theatre lobby displays, having made 15 studies in Loveliness for the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls, admired by thousands at the Broadway Theatre. His work is on view from coast to coast; an exhibit is going to Liverpool with the Sennett show.

“Jazzland” is the name of a wonderful new amusement resort to be opened at 48th and Broadway by Jack Ferris, the well-known Broadway caterer, and as Marjorie Bonner will have charge as hostess and manager you can safely predict a big success for this unbeatable combination. A soft drink bar will be instituted and Broadway will be given a place of clean fun and enjoyment. Mr. Ferris’ motto will be “the three C’s”—Clean, classy, clubby, and his host of friends are awaiting the opening with eagerness.

It is announced by Wm. F. Seiler that Wm. Adler is no longer connected with “Seiler Theatrical Costumes, Inc.” The same originality, effectiveness and quality will be featured under the new management. The firm extends its warm thanks to the old customers, and in advance to the new for their patronage, and hope to have a big rush of both to their attractive store.



LILY MALVIN
in charge of BREVITIES’ flourishing
advertising department.

TEN BLUES By the Publishers of “A Good Man is Hard to Find”

1. Think of Me Little Daddy
2. Oh, Saroo, Saroo!
3. Saxophone Blues
4. Big Chief Blues
5. I Never Had the Blues (Till I left old Dixieland)
6. I’m Going Back To My Used To Be
7. Insect Ball
8. Darktown Regimental Band
9. Beautiful Land of Dreams
10. I’m Dying with the Worried Blues

ORCHESTRATIONS IN ALL KEYS

Come in and let us demonstrate these beautiful blues songs

PACE & HANDY MUSIC CO. INC.
1547 BROADWAY
(Home of the Blues, New York City)

Is it true that an action for divorce has been started by Mrs. (Mickey) Neilan nee Gertie Bambrick, and is it further the fact that a very *sweet* picture star may have the distinction of figuring in the round-up?

Who was the beauty with a million dollars' worth of aigrettes that that good individual Lou Davis displayed at the L. Club the other evening?

What is the mystery connected with the Wolf of Wall Street's former chauffeur?

Isn't it worth noting that Annette Bade, pretty as she is on the stage, looks still prettier off and dances beautifully at the lil Club?

What on earth ever prompted "Blackie" to hit her old sweetie, Eddie, on the eye with a bottle the other night at Woodmansten Inn? How will she feel if he loses the eye?

Why did Fay cut up Charley's suit at Saratoga? Is she qualifying for the tailoring business?

Is it true "Corny" Vanderbilt and Joyce Fair are engaged?

The "Pictorial Review" offers a prize for the best answer to this question: "If you found a letter from another woman in your husband's pocket, what would you do?" We asked a flapper what she would do. The flapper said: "Crown the guy on the head with a plate."

It is interesting to learn that all the decorations of Anna Spencer, Inc., were done by the Service Equipment under the personal direction of their designer, Sidney Gould.

FOUR GREAT SONGS

YOU DIDN'T WANT ME
WHEN YOU HAD ME
(SO WHY DO YOU WANT ME NOW?)

LET'S HELP
THE IRISH
NOW!

BLUES
MY NAUGHTY SWEETIE
GIVES TO ME

KENTUCKY DREAM

JOS. W. STERN & CO., *Publishers*
NEW YORK

SALES ROOM
102 W. 38th ST.

PROF. DEPT.
226 W. 46th ST.

BAL TABARIN.

Over the Winter Garden
NIGHTLY at EIGHT

Broadway at 50th

PARIS IN NEW YORK

The Smartest Restaurant in Town

Dining
Dancing

Splendid
Band

Cuisine
par
Excellence

Natural, isn't it!—when you start to read BREVITIES, you always ride past your station. We saw Mrs. Boyer, whose husband runs the famous Drug Store, with her eyes buried in the pages of the world's most fascinating magazine the other night, entirely oblivious to the subway stop-off place. Incidentally, many remember this lady under her stage name of Mabel Lewis and we hear she is going back to the footlights for more laurels.

If you want to see a busy spot, just visit RATKOWSKY'S, at 435 Fifth Avenue, "the home of furs." The Fall trade has opened up with a bang, and the big staff are serving after hours these days under the direction of their celebrated chief. We hear that the most amazing bargains are to be found at Ratkowsky's this Fall, particularly in the popular seal coats and neck-pieces.

No other places seem to have that peculiar air of "homeliness" to be found in the ST. REGIS chain of restaurants. Especially their 50th and Broadway place, which is the rendezvous, from 11 at night to 3 a. m. of all the talked-about people of the Big Street. They have, by the way, a Night Manager here whose courtesy and welcome smile make half the success of the place. Needless to enlarge on the high quality of the food and service—that's a proverb.

Manager Taylor of Wallick's informs us that at no time in the history of that historic restaurant has such a business been done as at present, especially in the

popular KA-MA-KU-RA Room, in the rear, under charge of that very sweet hostess, Mable Green. Hundreds go in just to see her, but all with a full knowledge of the famous cuisine of Wallick's and the charm of the surroundings. Dancing is the great pastime of the KA-MA-KU-RA Room, and the music is exquisite.

It's getting so now you hear everywhere you go of the famous politeness of the PACE & HANDY firm, kings and arbiters of "Blues music." If you want to meet a gentleman of the old school, who radiates a sincerity and courtesy, alas, all too scarce in our busy city, all you have to do is visit the firm's offices in the Gaiety Theatre building and ask for Mr. Handy. You'll find it a treat. And that nice girl outside—my, but she wins you quick! And she calls the Editor, "Mr. BREVITY."

That is quite a romantic episode connected with the signing up of Lady Diana Manners by D. W. Griffith under a long contract to appear in the picture wizard's American productions. It was on this very day Lady Manners received a serious injury, while watching the Victory Parade in London. During the taking of the scenes for Mr. Griffith's "The Great Love" in London, Lady Manners posed for the gelatine, and from that time expressed a great longing for the screen. But Queen Mary put her foot down on it. However, with Lady Diana's marriage to Lieut. Duff-Cooper of the B. A. this opposition automatically ceased, and although on account of her injury she will not be able to come to America at present her distinguished advent is only temporarily deferred.

If you want to see the notabilities of the stage and screen you just ought to drop into popular Billy Lahiff's "Strand Cafe," west of Broadway on 47th street. Here almost any evening you will see Mollie King, Pearl Weber, Sophie Tucker, the Dooleys, Margaret Morris, May Leslie, George White, Kathryn Perry, Lillian Lorraine, and also Johnny O'Connor, N. T. Grandlund, the Editor (blushes) M. Strassman, the popular attorney, and dozens of other Broadwayites who find in Billy Lahiff's wonderful food and cordial greeting an irresistible attraction.

Here's a novel "Degree" in a College—"Mistress of Vamping." It is in the curriculum of the Filmart Studio, which offers a scientific course of instruction in picture acting. The studies, under a veteran director, are graded from simplest beginnings right up to the final technicalities of the picture art, and offer a wonderful opportunity to those interested.

Justine Johnston is "in again." Now, 'tis said she is looking for a divorce from her youthful husband, who bears the impressive name of Sadowsky, and is the son of wealthy parents. They have been knitted or knotted only a few months, this entrancing young pair, and we can't sleep nights for worrying about their difficulties. Oh, it's terrible.

Marie Kavanaugh and J. Paul Everett are a successful young team, that not long since finished their 22d week on the Strand Roof in a feature dancing act. They are now, we hear, preparing a very elaborate act with special scenery and costumes.

The Editor can testify it is a long time since he has stepped in so cosy and charming a little shop as that of the ANTINA CO. in charge of two most polite ladies, Miss Tina Alexander and Miss Anna Michaelson, at 235 West 52d street. Most clothes and lingerie shops carry either a very cheap line or a very dear one, but the ANTINA CO. can fit you out with both very moderate and very expensive gowns and lingerie—just whatever suits your purse, and what you want to spend—and everything wonderful value for what they ask. The profession is now eagerly patronizing this dainty little shop, and keeping it busy as a bee-hive.

"Beauty Talks" is the engaging title of a booklet giving valuable advice on protecting and improving the complexion, which will be given or mailed free on application to the Natural Flower Perfumery Co. 500 Fifth avenue.

The famous Hippodrome, after a brief period of "strike" darkness opened again, and is now going on its crowded, packed-to-capacity way. Under the direction of that managerial genius, Mark Luescher, it can hardly fail to be a success of the highest order.

Earl Fuller, originator of the world-known Earl Fuller Orchestras and Jazz Bands, has a clever saying: "Furnishing music is a business—my business is furnishing music." He is the maker of the Earl Fuller Dance Records, which are standard of their kind. He believes in "jazz" as the reviver of the soul, the merry-maker of life, and his slogan is that "good music is akin to heaven."


*Girls don't need a bank roll
when they go to buy a gown or lingerie at*

ANTINA CO.

235 WEST 52d STREET

Because if you have only \$25 to spend you can get a pretty dress and anywhere from that "up" if you wish to spend more.

Lingerie in new and dainty styles from \$6.50 up.

 Call and see for yourself.

TINA ALEXANDER
(Late of Leamy Troupe)

ANNA MICHAELSON

CIRCLE 5126

In the history of the famous PALACE THEATRE, no such business has been done as in the last month. Indeed if the house had twice as many seats they could have been sold for each performance. The capable and alert Elmer Rogers, Manager, who is here, there and everywhere from morning until night, wears a happy smile, and so does the King of Press Agents, Dr. Kingsley, as they watch the long, winding lines at the window. The Gold Seal was long since set on the PALACE bills, of course, and praising the PALACE is much the same as trying to recommend a Tiffany necklace. The above remarks, of course, apply equally to the RIVERSIDE and the other Subway Circuit houses of the United Booking Office chain.

Loud and long are the walls of regret at the news that Lew Wallick is to put up the shutters on his celebrated Wallick's at Broadway and Forty-third on May 1st, 1920, when it passes by lease

into other hands. For years it has been the landmark of Broadway, that rare thing called an "institution" built on solid lines of good food and drink, homelike accommodations and the famed geniality of Lew Wallick himself. For the old-timers Lew Wallick's giving up of his lease is like a mortal blow. Let us hope that the name of WALLICK may soon appear on another front on Broadway.

Here's Johnny Livingston to the fore with one of the biggest undertakings of his career. He has been appointed by Capt. F. F. Stoll of the United Photoplay Corporation as his personal representative in the production of the master photoplay, "Determination." It is said it will cost in the vicinity of half a million dollars. The types are from the White Chapel district of London, and it has a Horse Race, an Aviation Meet, etc. Kid Broad and Tod Sloan will be in the cast. A studio has been engaged by Mr. Livingston and work will soon begin.

MEET ME AT

St. Regis Restaurant

BROADWAY & 50th STREET

Where you will see all the old crowd that used to fill the all-night "Jacks". Always packed with celebrities

Excellent Food—Popular Prices

STORES THROUGHOUT THE CITY

LO!

ALLAH brings light in darkness!

A long-needed Broadway want.

A Drug-Store with courteous service and complete stock

Now open in the

WINTER GARDEN BUILDING

M. PAUL (DOC) GORDON (formerly of Boyer's)

"BROADWAY BREVITIES" Revue

Broadway from one end to the other recently received a real thrill, when it heard that a wonderful new revue was under way, to be entitled "BROADWAY BREVITIES," named after the most famous magazine of its kind in the world. Under the able direction of Rufus Lemaire, the entire cast had been selected and rehearsals all ready to begin when a complete stop was put to operations by the actors strike. Mr. Lemaire was about to place under contract one of the biggest musical comedy stars in the country to head the show, which is to be the last word in revues, with bewitching girls and music, an excruciatingly funny book, and costumes and props of the most elaborate character. The conjunction of a wonderful cast and the world-famous name of BROADWAY BREVITIES will make a combination almost ideal. As the strike has terminated, we expect soon to make full announcement of the opening date on Broadway of "BROADWAY BREVITIES."

PROF. ALVERNA REBUFFED!

That's exactly what happened the old Prof. the other day, when his \$300.00 suit against Mme. Lubowska, the celebrated Hippodrome dancer, was dismissed in the Third Municipal Court by Justice Marks. The Prof. had sued Mme. for a four weeks rehearsal prior to her S. A. tour, but she proved to the satisfaction of the Court, through her clever attorney, M. Strassman, of 853 Bway, that any payment for rehearsals was contingent on securing the engagement, and the old Prof. had not made good on that.

* * *

SCREEN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED STAR namely Eugene O'Brien, is on view in all the Loew Theatres this week, in his first picture, "The Perfect Lover," presented by Selznick. It is a Ralph Ince production, with a truly famous cast. Much of the picture's success will be owing to the brilliant publicity work of that well-known Selznick expert, Mr. McClintock, a veteran publicity man.

* * *

STILL GOING STRONG

The lying "Rooms \$1.50 up" sign in front of the musty old Normandie at 38th and Broadway.

The chilly dishes at Lussier's restaurant—"the home of the rube."

The infernal sight-seeing trucks infesting Broadway from 39th to 43rd, annoying and insulting pedestrians.

The two nocturnal paper sellers, one in front of Astor, and one at 46th and Broadway, who soak you a nickel for a paper.

The barbers who will insist on cutting your hair *their* way and blow gar-

lic in your face when you resist.

The nuts who crack you on the shins every time they pass you to grab every dance from 7 to 1.

* * *

ALL ABOARD FOR MCCARTHY'S INN!

If you heard this remark every day, and acted on it, it would be about the pleasantest experience you could possibly have. One of the best fellows in the whole universe conducts the **now** famous "McCarthy's Inn" at Port Chester, just a nice motor drive from Times Square any fine day or evening. If you never have been to McCarthy's Inn before, **nor ever met McCarthy** himself you've a lot to learn about enjoyment. He spreads for you a meal equal to the best Broadway restaurant, amid semi-rural surroundings, and **gives** you wonderful orchestral melody to season the delights of your dining. As soon as possible after you read this, hop in your Stutz or Packard, and tell the driver "McCarthy's Inn"—and see if you don't thank us for the suggestion

THAT SMART JAZZ BOY

named Joe Ward, whose Orange Grove Cabaret and Restaurant at 869 Longwood Ave. keeps half the Bronx happy, is opening a brand-new *revue*, consisting of 20—count 'em—20 people, the show written by Sam Ward, and staged by Ray Perez. Cast includes Marjie Drohin, Jack White, Frankie Marvin, the Hamley Sisters, Mazie Weaver etc., and—the one and only JOE himself.

Two presentations nightly, 9:15 and 11:15. All aboard for the Bronx.

* * *

THE FAMOUS LITTLE CLUB

is said to have acquired a new new Hostess whose charm and beauty stand at the top of all previous records. This is Marie Stradford, who is rumored to be a niece of the late Hetty Green. It will be little wonder if they pack the Johns in at the L. C. hereafter.

DUES EX MACHINA OR FORD IN HIS OWN MACHINE

When Ford, the great pacifist and six cents anarchy, was travelling in Porto Rico in his own Ford machine he stopped to assist some native tourists who were stalled by an accident in a Ford. He helped them and even took out an extra part to replace the missing one and when the damage was fixed the Portoricans offered the pay for the part, but the great Samaritan refused saying that he was happy to be able to help etc. . . . The natives insisted saying that it was an expensive part and that they knew that he could not afford to give it away for nothing. Then the great pacifist exclaimed: "But I am rich, and I can afford such a trifle, in fact I am really a millionaire." The Portorican looked at him with a doubtful smile, "Oh, no, you can't be a real millionaire, for you wouldn't be riding in a Ford machine."

Broadway's Leader in Food and Entertainment

PRÉ-CATELAN

W. 39TH, NR. BROADWAY. MANAGEMENT OF WM. H. BARNES.

*We Have the Best Dance
Music in New York*

**We can't serve all the food
in New York—so we
serve the best!**

Carlos Sebastian is also "in again." Carlos, who is very care-less, is now bringing an action for alienation of affections against his father-in-law Charles F. Thompson, millionaire lumberman of Chicago. Carlos alleges too much "father-in-law," breaking asunder his golden strands of romance. If our memory serves correctly this is not the first time Carlos has been joined in the holy ties of padlock, and no doubt it won't be the last. He has "retained" to the stage pending developments.

* * *

It will pay you, when you want a nice, stylish new hat, girls, to visit the VICTORIA FASHION SHOP at 140 West 34th street. Styles for both street and travelling wear are shown, and a special saving of 25% is claimed by the store. It would be well worth your while, we think to run down and see the many attractive styles shown in this busy store.

* * *

If you want to see the place that put the pep in pepper, a visit to the Greenwich Village Inn, on Sheridan Sq. will gratify your curiosity. A bunch of celebrated entertainers come in nightly, such as Al. Herrman, Bobby Edwards, Harry Kemp, "Wynn" the guy who put the art in artist, Imogene Comer, all with their hair cut, and how they do dive into the 2.75. That good man Barney Gallant now owns and runs the Inn, and is making it a hit.



"JAPONETTE"

clever feature dancer at Healy's, 66th street.

Dr. Maude L. Neville

SURGEON DENTIST

announces the re-opening of her dental offices at

758 EIGHTH AVENUE

Near 47th St.

Special rates to profession

Office hours 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Phone Bryant 2489

Examinations free

DR. DAVID GOLDMAN

Surgeon Dentist

260 West 45h Street

Telephone Bryant 4940

Porcelain Art as Applied to Modern Dentistry without Display of Gold
Highest Grade Work at Very Moderate Prices. Examination FREE

THE COLUMBIA SHIRT

"Absolutely Correct"

MADE BY THE
COLUMBIA
SHIRT COMPANY
729 B'WAY, N. Y.

CHIROPRACTOR BEHEADED IN CHINA

Quite a while ago some Chinese and Japanese students graduated from the Palmer School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Ia., and returned in their respective countries to practise. A law was passed in both countries permitting chiropractors to exercise their profession but only on condition that they were bona fide graduates from the Palmer School, its fountain head. The Chinese D. C. was so successful and his work became so remunerative that a few Chinamen started to practise fake chiropractic, that is to say without hav-

ing gone to the trouble of studying in any school. One of these fake chiropractors was caught and to make a public example to the rest he was publicly beheaded.

* * *

LIKEWISE REGAN

Another devotee to chiropractic is the famous and genial head of the Knickerbocker Hotel who spent thousands of dollars to have his sufferings relieved. Some kind friend and enthusiast suggested a D. C. and now Mr. Regan has an adjustment bench in his own suite of rooms and swears by it.



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"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that

I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood—and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. But in my opinion, you can't make strong, sturdy men and women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the packages. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such pro-

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ducts are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

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